

teacher prides himself on being quick to adopt the modern methods and secure new help, but the Sunday teaching in the class seems to have little influence over the week-day conduct of its members. The stitches are set in the most approved fashion, but there is no knot of prayer to hold them fast; they slip thro the fabric and are gone.

The trouble with our little maid Dorothy was that she was in such haste to begin her work that she did not pause long enough to thoroughly prepare for it; she began before she was ready. That is the trouble with much of our unsuccessful work. We are so eager to do it that we will not take time to study it; so eager to achieve that we have not patience to prepare. It is only when in pain and disappointment we see our labor come to nothing that we realize how essential was some knot in the thread that would have held it fast.

#### ONE GIRL'S LIFE IN A MILL TOWN

Morning Star.

Annie was ten years old when she was badly burned by an accident with a lamp, and she has never walked since.

I asked her if she ever went out doors, says a writer in "The Atlantic."

"Oh, no," she said pleasantly. "Sometimes, when it's very hot, I get downstairs to the back door. I've never been down street. I've never seen the town. I wish I could see what Main Street is like. I was only ten years old when I was burned, and I'd hardly ever been down street before that time."

I asked her if she could go to drive if I came for her.

"I haven't any clothes of my own," she said, "but I could wear my sister's things."

The mother showed no special interest when I told her that I was coming to take her crippled daughter out. When she was all dressed for her little journey, the driver took her in his arms, and placed her in the open phaeton.

It was a shabby little town, but in it Annie saw the kingdoms of this world, and the glory thereof.

"I don't know how to thank you for your kindness," she said, as she found we were returning.

It seemed cruel to take her back. The driver lifted her with tenderness out of the carriage, and insisted on carrying her up the outer steps into the house.

Annie called out good-by, and waved a timid farewell from the stairs, and I scarcely noted the mother's face or voice, for the girl's eyes were shining as I think I never saw any other human eyes shine.

Speak of yourself, and men are not won to you; speak of Christ, and men are won to both.

Gossip is like a high building; only one story in a dozen has a foundation.

## The Little People

### HOW HAROLD DISOBEYED

Mary R. Jarvis.

I want you to go down to the Lower Fold, Harold, and fasten up all the chicken-coops and the hen-house door. Jem is away at market with your father, and Jane is busy. Be sure you do it properly, and come straight back; baby seems so poorly tonight."

And Mrs. Hayes turned in her weary walk to and fro, and began again to sing the old cradle song with which she was trying to soothe May to sleep.

Harold dearly loved his little sister, and kissed her soft fingers now as he went out, saying cheerily:

"All right, mother, I'll see the chickabiddies to bed in no time."

He crossed the farmyard, then thro the orchard into the lane. But there he found several boys waiting.

"Here, Harold, we were just looking for you! We are all going to sail our boats down at Brook Hollow."

"But I can't come," said Harold regretfully. "I've got the chickens to see to, and mother told me not to be long. Baby May isn't well."

"Well, we can be back in a jiffy. We can get there in a quarter of an hour, have some fun, and be home by eight. The chickens can wait."

"Perhaps it doesn't matter for half an hour," said Harold, hesitating. "Only mother said—"

"Matter? Of course not!" broke in Ned, rudely. "Come along; you're not a nursemaid to be tied down like that!"

Fear of ridicule swept away Harold's misgivings, and soon all four boys were hurrying to the Hollow, a mile away. There, in the fascination of playing in the brook, more than three half hours went by.

But the deepening darkness warned them of home and supper time, and Harold's conscience woke up in earnest.

"Look here, boys, I'm off home, and I'm sorry I came." And Harold darted away, followed by the mocking laughter of his comrades.

"I won't stop to go for a lantern and see to the chickens now," he said as he crossed the yard; "it doesn't matter if they are left for once!"

There was a bright light in his mother's room, and on the strairs he overtook Jane toiling up with a heavy pail of hot water.

"Oh, Master Harold, where have you been? Missus is in such a way, for baby's in a fit. And I'm all strange to the place and don't know where the doctor lives, and master and Jem ain't got home yet. Oh, dear, dear!"

Before she had finished her incoherent tale, Harold was at his mother's side. And he never knew afterwards which hurt him most—the reproach and grief on his mother's white face, or the sight of his baby sister in the agony of convulsions.

"Run for the doctor at once, Harold! Oh, how could you be so long?"

Cut to the heart, Harold flew down the stairs and ran as he had never run before, down the lane and across the meadows to the doctor's house. Fortunately he was at home, and came at once. The warm bath had relieved the worst symptoms; but it was hours before baby was out of danger. And nobody slept much that night. Just as Harold and his father were sitting down to an early breakfast next morning, Jane came in with the coffee, and said:

"You never fastened up them fowls last night, Master Harold; and Jem says the rats have been in and killed seven out of the eight Leghorn chicks your mother set such store by."

Then the whole story of Harold's disobedience came out, and very grieved his father looked.

"Let it teach you a lesson, Harold, that will last your lifetime. Never say again about the smallest duty, 'It doesn't matter.'"  
—*The Child's Companion*.

#### An Up-to-Date Dog Story

Morning Star.

Never faltering in his loyalty, the dog, one of the earliest comrades of primitive man, has stayed by him faithfully down the ages, even becoming accustomed to cities and railroad trains, and other innovations which must astonish him greatly. The trolley may supersede the horse, but the dog remains with us. A truly modern story of his latest acceptance of men's inventions comes from Toronto. The narrator says: One morning not long ago my sister went to see a friend who lived a mile or so from the manse, taking with her our little fox terrier, Paddy. When she left, she quite forgot the dog, and as soon as our friends discovered him they did all they could to make him leave, but with no avail. Some hours passed and he was still there, so they telephoned to us to let us know his whereabouts. "Bring him to the telephone," said my sister. One of the boys held him while another put the trumpet to the dog's ear. Then my sister whistled and called, "Come home at once, Paddy." Immediately he wriggled out of the boy's arms, rushed at the door, barking to get out, and shortly afterward arrived panting at the manse. This is what might be called a modern dog story, is it not?

#### His Work

Olive Plants.

One time a man came to one of the men who worked for him, and gave him a big stone, and said:

"Now, you cut in this stone the leaves just like the ones in this picture."

The stone did not look very pretty, and the man said:

"I will do just the very best I can, but I wish I could cut in this beautiful marble here."

So he toiled away with his sharp tools, and